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WAY
DILLON

WOLVERINE ORIGINS™

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—savage claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as anyone.

When those long lost memories finally returned to him, Wolverine set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who had wronged him. But in the midst of that mission, he discovered that he has a son, Daken, under the control of the same shadowy forces he was tracking. While trying to retrieve the one weapon capable of negating Daken's healing factor, the carbonadium synthesizer, Wolverine was accosted and defeated in battle by his son.

Meanwhile, Wolverine's old foe Cyber has taken possession of a new, super-strong body, and come to settle some unfinished business with Daken.

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SWIFT AND TERRIBLE

PART 4

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CYBER. YOU LOOK--

--WHAT'S THE WORD I'M LOOKING FOR?--

"ALIVE"...

SURPRISED?

NOT AS SURPRISED AS YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE.

GET 'IM, DAD.

SSSIK!

KRAKK!

YOUR MASTER AND I HAVE SOME MATTERS TO DISCUSS...

...LIKE WHY HE THOUGHT HE COULD GET AWAY WITH SELLING ME UP THE RIVER.

SO WHERE...

HLK--!

...IS HE?

HM...

BUK-TU...

...WHERE?

WHAT'D YOU JUST SAY?

S-SAID...

#@$& YOU!

KRRAAM!

HEH. YOU'RE GOOD, KID...

...BUT THEN, YOU ALWAYS WERE.

YOU WERE MY BEST STUDENT.

THAT'S *IT?*

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO *RUN AWAY?*

THAT'S OKAY...

...I FOUND YOU *ONCE*, I CAN FIND YOU *AGAIN.*

IT'S *POINTLESS* TO FIGHT ME, ANYWAY.

DOESN'T REALLY MATTER THAT YOU'RE A MORE SKILLED FIGHTER THAN I AM--AND FASTER, TOO--

--BECAUSE THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT I'M COVERED IN *ADAMANTIUM.* SO YOU SCRAPE AT ME WTH YOUR LITTLE CLAWS ALL YOU WANT.

IT'S *NOT* GOING TO *HURT* ME.

HURT YOU? OH, NO...

KROKK!

...I'M GOING TO *KILL* YOU.

ZZZIKK!

HGK--!

BWOOM!

NOW, THEN...

...WHERE WERE WE?

NOW! TAKE 'IM OUT NOW!

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE!

THERE HAVE ALREADY BEEN *SEVERAL*... THERE WILL BE OTHERS.

MORE TO MY LIKING.

FREE OF *INTERFERENCE.*

YOU...

...ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS, LOGAN.

YEAH.

I KNOW.

RRYYAAAH!

WRROKK!

KROOOM!

HE CAN RUN ALL HE *WANTS*-- *EVENTUALLY*, HE'LL LEAD ME TO WHO I'M LOOKING FOR.

SO WHAT YOU DID--YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE DISPLAY OF *FATHERLY LOVE*-- WAS *POINTLESS*.

DON'T BE *STUPID*, LOGAN.

IF *YOUR SON* COULDN'T GET THE BEST OF ME, *YOU* DON'T STAND A *CHANCE*.

I ALWAYS DID *LIKE* THAT ABOUT YOU, LOGAN...

YOU NEVER WERE *AFRAID* TO TAKE A *BEATING*.

THIS SHOULD BE INFORMATIVE.

I'VE BEEN *WONDERING* HOW FAR I CAN PUSH THIS NEW *BODY* OF MINE.

RRAAHHHRR!

YOUR BOY GAVE ME A NICE LITTLE WORKOUT...

KRUNCH!

...BUT I COULDN'T REALLY *UNLOAD* ON HIM LIKE I CAN ON YOU-- HE DOESN'T HAVE THE ADAMANTIUM SKELETON. HE'D BREAK.

AND THEN I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO--

KROOM!

--QUESTION HIM.

FORTUNATELY, I DON'T *NEED* ANY INFORMATION FROM--

--YOU...?

WHAT... THE HELL...?

"HE'S GOT A *BUM TICKER.*"

...WHAT?

MILO GUNDERSON, THE KID...MAN... WHATEVER--THE GUY WHO KILLED HIS DAD THE OTHER NIGHT AN' THREW HIM THROUGH THE WALL.

HER SON.

WHATEVER IT IS THAT MADE HIM, Y'KNOW, GROW SO FAST--AN' SO BIG--PUT A LOT OF STRAIN ON HIS HEART.

ANYWAY, HIS MOM WANTS TO MAKE SURE THAT--WHEN WE FIND HIM--HE GETS HIS MEDICINE.

SO...OUR PERP MIGHT BE DEAD.

I SURE AS HELL HOPE NOT--I WANNA GET AN ARREST AN' A CONVICTION ON THIS THING.

WE SHOULD PROBABLY CANVAS THE LOCAL HOSPITALS THEN, EH? SEE IF HE'S BEEN IN FOR TREATMENT?

GOOD IDEA.

I MEAN, FROM WHAT WE KNOW, I DOUBT HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO DO THAT...BUT WE SHOULD COVER ALL THE BASES.

WOULDN'T IT SUCK IF--RIGHT WHEN WE'RE ABOUT TO BUST THIS GUY--HE KEELS OVER FROM A HEART ATTACK?

YEAH...

Oi

"...THAT WOULD SUCK."

HK...

HNNG--!

--GK!

WHAT'RE YOU...

WAITING FOR...?

"YOU WERE MY BEST STUDENT."

"I FOUND HIM ONCE...I CAN FIND HIM AGAIN."

SHAKT!

GET UP.

YER GONNA HAFTA AT *LEAST* TRY TO WALK...

...YER TOO DAMN *BIG* TO *CARRY.*

UNGH...

W-WHY...?

'CAUSE I DON'T *TRUST* YOU.

HEH...AND YOU SHOULDN'T...

...BUT I WAS ASKING WHY YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ME TO DIE.

'CAUSE I WANNA KNOW WHAT *YOU* KNOW.

AND YOU'LL... *EXCHANGE THE FAVOR?*

NO.

BUT I'LL LET YA *LIVE.*

FAIR ENOUGH.

WHERE SHOULD I START?

START AT THE BEGINNIN'.

THE BEGINNING...

FOR ME, IT ALL BEGAN IN SIOUX CITY, IOWA...

"...IN THE SPRING OF 1912."

SILAS BURR.

THIS COURT HAS HEARD TESTIMONY FROM YOUR ***SUBORDINATE AGENTS*** AND FROM ***AGGRIEVED WITNESSES***, ALL OF WHOM HAVE CONFIRMED THAT ***YOU, SILAS BURR***, HAVE, ***DURING YOUR TENURE AS A PINKERTON AGENT***, COMMITTED ATROCITIES AGAINST MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD...***FRANKLY***, TOO HEINOUS FOR ME TO RECOUNT.

THROUGHOUT, NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR APPOINTED COUNSEL HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PRODUCE EVIDENCE TO ***CONTRADICT*** THESE ACCUSATIONS... OR PROVIDED THIS COURT WITH ANY EXPLANATION, ***WHATSOEVER***, AS TO WHY YOU ***DID*** OR DID ***NOT*** COMMIT THESE ACTS OF WHICH YOU ARE ACCUSED.

DO YOU ***NOW***, BEFORE THIS COURT PASSES ITS FINAL JUDGMENT UPON YOU, WISH TO ***SPEAK***?

I WAS JUST DOING MY JOB.

"YOUR"--!

YOU SLAUGHTERED SEVEN UNION ORGANIZERS AS IF THEY WERE CATTLE! YOU PISTOL-WHIPPED A WOMAN TO DEATH! YOU BOARDED UP A SCHOOLHOUSE AND SET FIRE TO IT--***WITH FOURTEEN CHILDREN INSIDE!***

WERE YOU DOING YOUR JOB ***THEN***, SIR?

YEAH.

ALL EXCEPT THE ***WOMAN.***

WE DID HER FOR ***FUN.***

ISN'T THAT ***RIGHT***, FELLAS?

YOUR HONOR--!

I-I-I ***REMIND*** THE COURT THAT THESE MEN ARE ***IMMUNE*** TO PROSECUTION DUE TO THEIR COOPERATION WITH THE--

AND THOSE ***DOCK WORKERS*** THAT WE ***SKINNED ALIVE***, OUT AT THE LANCASTER FARM? THAT WAS PRETTY FUN, ***TOO***, RIGHT?

Y-YOU ***FOOLED WITH OUR HEADS***, BURR! ***WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE WAS DOIN'!***

OH, ***YOU*** KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOIN', HENRY... ESPECIALLY WITH ***THAT GIRL IN BOSTON.***

REMEMBER ***HER?***

REMEMBER WHAT WAS ***LEFT*** OF HER?

YOU... ***FILTHY***...SON OF A...

HE'S GOT A GUN!

BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM!

BAILIFF!

DAMMIT, HENRY--*STOP FIRING!* YOU WERE NEVER ANY DAMN *GOOD* WITH THAT THING...

BLAM!

BAILIFF!

BLAM!

HOLD ON...

...I'LL TAKE CARE O' THIS.

ONE BULLET, HENRY?

KRAKT!

THAT'S *IT?*

THAT'S ALL YOU COULD--

CHOKK!

--LEAVE ME?

"I REMEMBER THINKING--WHEN IT HAPPENED--THAT NO ONE HAD EVER *REALLY* GOTTEN *THE DROP* ON ME BEFORE...

"AND THAT I WAS REALLY *LOOKING FORWARD* TO AN HONEST-TO-GOD *TUSSLE.*"

I'M A *FRIEND.*

THIS IS ALL GETTIN' *TAKEN CARE OF.*

NOW *GET UP...*

CH-CHKT!

... AN' *PLAY NICE.*

SILAS BURR!

THIS COURT FINDS YOU *GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS.* YOU WILL NOW *HEAR MY SENTENCE:*

FOR YOUR CRIMES, *YOU WILL HANG UNTIL DEAD,* THIS SENTENCE TO BE CARRIED OUT IN NO LESS THAN TWO DAYS AND NO LONGER THAN A FORTNIGHT.

PRAY THAT GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR ROTTEN SOUL.

KRAK!

SLAM!

NEVER MIND *THEM*...

...WE GOTTA GET *OUTTA* HERE.

"THIS '*FRIEND*'... IT WAS *SABRETOOTH*, RIGHT?"

"THAT'S RIGHT...

"...AND HE DROVE ME *ALL THE WAY TO CANADA.*"

THIS IS IT.

THIS WAY.

AH! YOU'RE HERE.

IF YOU WOULD, PLEASE REMOVE HIS--

TCHANK!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DOES THAT REALLY *MATTER...?*

DOES TO ME. I LIKE TO KNOW WHO I'M *DEALING* WITH.

THAT... YOU WILL *NEVER* KNOW.

BUT *I CAN* TELL YOU...

...THAT *MY* NAME IS *HUDSON.*

"WHAT WAS HIS *NAME?*"

WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

WAKE UP, DAMMIT!

KRAKK!

CAN'T... BREATHE...

DON'T YOU *DARE* DIE ON ME *NOW*, YOU SON OF A--

CYBER, *LISTEN* TO ME:

THINK ABOUT YOUR *REVENGE*. THINK ABOUT WHAT YER GONNA *DO* TO 'EM.

THINK ABOUT WHAT YER GONNA DO TO *THEM*.

NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO DO... *ANYTHING*...'TIL I'M...*PATCHED UP*.

AN' HOW'S *THAT* GONNA HAPPEN?

YER NOT EXACTLY A *PRIME CANDIDATE*...

TINK! TINK!

...FER OPEN-HEART SURGERY.

I KNOW A GUY...THE TINKERER. SET HIM UP WITH A LAB...IN THE HAGUE.

KNOWS HOW TO WORK WITH...EXOTIC METALS.

CHNK!

THEN LET'S GO *SEE* 'IM.

TO BE CONCLUDED...